Dec. 19, 1928.

Mrs. Mary Greene Wilson,
Douglasville, Texas.

My dear Cousin Mary:

I guess this letter will reach you at Douglasville before you go away for Christmas. I want to send you a little reminder for Christmas and I will send it to Tyler.

I have been out of town so much; and also had the flu, I haven't had time to reply to your letter. In fact I have been putting it off from day to day hoping to catch the time to use pen and ink, as I know the ladies do not like machine letters, but I will have to ask you to excuse me again this time.

I wish to say that we received that beautiful little oil painting, "The Texas Blue Bonnet". It makes me think of a beautiful purple bonnet that was sent by an old man by the name of Edward Flewelyn Collier to Jessie (Mrs. Collier) last Christmas. It was a beautiful hand made bonnet and something that I never saw before, even when I was a boy. This beautiful painting we have placed in our main living room, having on one side of the connecting door between our main dining room and the living room the "Collier Court of Arms" and on the other side "The Texas Blue Bonnet". I only wish you had made your name a little plainer on the painting, but when I go to New York I expect to have a name plate made to go on this painting, as all of our other oil paintings that I have purchased in the art galleries in New York City at different times have the names engraved on metal plates and fastened to the frames. I am very fond of oil paintings and flowers, especially shrubbery, and I wish you could see what we have here at Barnesville.

I recently finished up the planting for the Methodist Church here, planting shrubbery almost everywhere on the ground, having an expense of about $600.00, and have given same to the Church, although a great many of our members do not appreciate flowering shrubs.

I have been away from home a great deal during the past four weeks. I made a trip over to Athens to the cotton mills over there, of which Durward is now President, and while there I went down into Oglethorpe County and saw the original home of Vines Collier which was constructed about 1785; and also went to see his burial place, but I fear on account of same having grown up in pine trees and woods we will never locate his grave.

I noticed just a few Greenes on the old records back in 1890-95. I shall later visit Greensboro and Greene County; also Washington and Wilkes County, Georgia, and there I will find the Greene records I am quite sure.

I am enclosing you herewith a copy of the Greene records on which your boys can join the S.A.R.'s and I would advise them to do so. If they will join the St. Louis, Mo., Chapter, they will go through without any trouble. If they attempt to join the Texas Chapter, they will doubtless have to do a whole lot of corresponding.

I wish I could see all of your children: Tom, John, Edna, John's wife, and Anne. It sounds good to hear you use the name Colquitt in connection with Anne, as this is a very common name in Upson County and there are still many Colquitts there. Those that left the farm are doing nicely, but those remaining on the farm are losing all they had.

Everything in Georgia is tied up with the flu. Almost every person has a slight cold, and many of them have temperatures.

The farmers in this section are very poor. The manufacturers are making money, caused by the low price of cotton.

I am sorry that your state went wrong in the National Election. I was for Al Smith, because I knew Governor Smith personally. I was against Hoover, because I did not like his face. I have never met him, but I have seen him in Washington. He belongs to the very rich class, or what you might term the utility corporation of the U. S., and you can just bet they will get all the dams they want in the U. S. erected by the government.

Mrs. Collier and little Jessie, or Jessie and Jessie as you might call them, will both write you at the earliest possible moment thanking you for the beautiful oil painting; also each of the girls. They have not had time. The cook has been sick for two weeks with the flu and we have had a very hard time at home getting along. We have the very latest improvements in the way of vacuum cleaners, lights, heat, and all those things, and it does not require much work; also an electric cooking apparatus and our own refrigerating plant.

I intended coming to Texas last July or August or during the early Fall, but could not get away on account of business conditions, and besides I have not been very well for three or four months. Iddo not sllep so well at night, which is perhaps caused by business conditions, though I am not supposed to have so much business now. I haven't a retail store now and Durward is between me and the troubles of the cotton mills at Athens and Eatonton, and I only have to watch the stock markets and things like that, and then put up money for this big farm over at Piedmont and shoulder the losses.

The next time I come to Texas I want to be in a position to spend a night with each one, or spend an entire day taking a night train out to the next place next day or something like that.

I presume Mrs. Corbin and Evelyn Stewart sailed on the 17th for their world tour, as they were to do so. I have heard nothing from them since Durward was in New York week before last. Durward is in

New York about every three or four weeks. I have not been now in several months, as I do not like to go there anymore since Floyd Corbin died and since I got out of the retail dry goods business.

Tell Tom he should get in the manufacturing business and get clear away from having to sell merchandise to the farmer, as the farmer's prosperity ebbs and flows, and mostly flows so fast that it is hard for a retail merchant to make anything out of him, unless he sells for cash, and when you do this you cannot create the volume necessary to make a good profit.

My daughter Evelyn; likewise Evelyn Stewart, both remind me of you quite a lot. They are about your size, and one of our old slaves, Tom Collier, who died a year or two ago always said my daughter, Evelyn, was just like "Miss Mandy". He used to tell me that quite often. "Miss Mandy" was my grandmother, Amanda Greene, who died in 1864, before my time. I passed by the old Greene place the other day going to Thomaston. It looks natural. Jim and Annie have dried up--- just plain typical farmers living on what they make. Fannie and her husband, I presume, are still in Florida. They were in my home this past summer. Do not know much about Mr. Compton, as I felt hurt when I heard Fannie had married him. She was a beautiful girl when she married Compton and he was a grass widower.

With love and good wishes from all of us, I beg to remain

Sincerely yours,

JCC:S

Enc.